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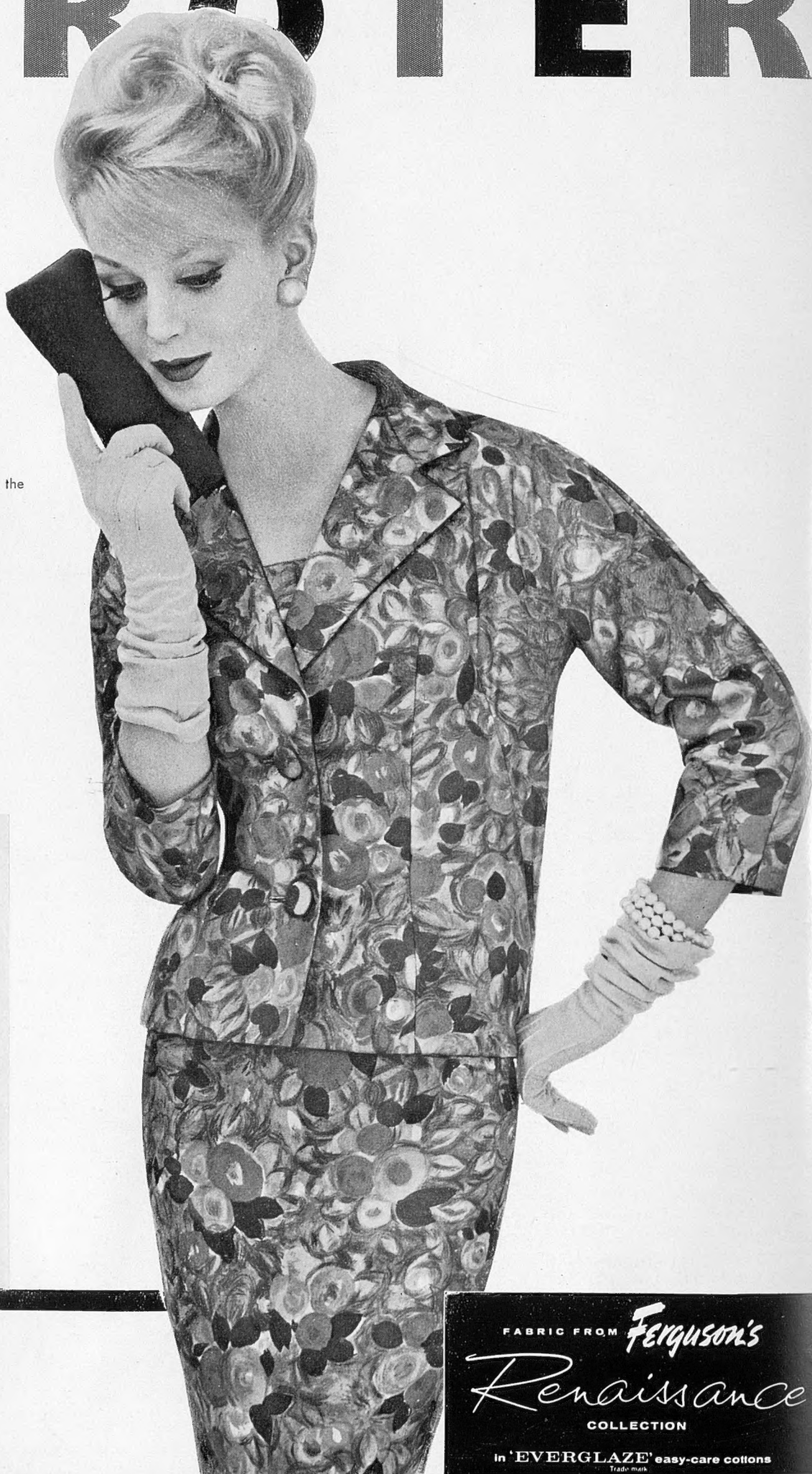


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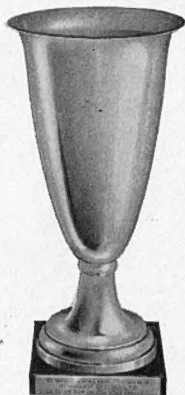
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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

VOLUME CCXXXV NUMBER 3054 9 MARCH 1960

GOING PLACES

BETWEEN bites of toast, the girl on the newfangled telephone on the cover is facing a problem that always crops up when making a date in London: *Where shall we meet?* So on pages 431-5 the COVER FEATURE illustrates some answers. Escorts who can only think of the time but never the place can even cut out the crib to jog their memories. . . . Talking about dates, it's already too late to make one for the early weeks of Flower Drum Song, the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical that opens later this month. The show is heavily booked-up, which just shows the extent of the current western *Rage for the Orient*—and looking at the pictures on pages 437-41, who can be surprised? The man who wrote the book of the show, Chin Yang Lee, has his own theory about the appeal of Chinese girls on page 436.

Also in this issue: Lord Kilbracken (page 430) writes about *Crossing the Pond* for the 26th time (the crossing not the writing). . . . Muriel Bowen reports the social side of the President of Peru's visit (page 427). . . . The fashion section displays some more clothes from the Collections (pages 443-9). . . . Alan Roberts contributes (page 457) his first Verdict on the galleries.

Oh, and Salvador Dali is up to something extraordinary again. *Scripture with a bang!* (page 450) explains. . . .

Next week: The Spring Fashion number.

Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 5½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number) £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.00, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET
ADELPHI LONDON W.C.2 (TRAFALGAR 7020)

SPORT Golf: Oxford v. Cambridge, Royal Lytham St. Anne's, 18 March.

Flat racing opens at Lincoln, 21-23 March.

Steeplechasing: Grand Military Meeting, Sandown Park, 18-19 March.

Point-to-point: Household Brigade Saddle Club, & Cavalry Club, Crowell, Oxon, 12 March.

MUSICAL Covent Garden Opera: *La Bohème*, 7.30 p.m., 10 March, *Aida*, 7 p.m. 16 March (first performances of season). (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Antigone* (first performance of season), *Petrushka* and *Ballabile*, 7.30 p.m. tonight.

Royal Festival Hall: London Choral Society in *Messiah* in its entirety, and with original accompaniments, 6 p.m., 12 March.

ART Bruce Proudfoot, paintings, Temple Gallery, Sloane St., W.1. To 14 March.

Contemporary Polish Graphic Art and French 18th-Century Furniture Design, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Sq., S.W.1.

The Country Year (Women's Institutes Exhibition of Handicrafts), Victoria & Albert Museum.

EXHIBITION "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia. To 26 March.

SOCIAL EVENTS Gala Preview of *Flower Drum Song*, Palace Theatre, 23 March, for King George's Fund for Sailors. (Tickets: Mr. P. R. Lindley, 1 Chesham St., S.W.1.)

Lachasse Dress Show, at Winter Garden, Eastbourne, 25 March, for Soldiers', Sailors' & Airmen's Families Association. (Tickets: 7s. 6d. and 5s. from Lady Tollemache, Clover Cottage, South Cliff, Eastbourne.)

Geranium Dance for young people, at Hurlingham Club, 25 April, for Greater London Fund for the Blind. Tickets: £1 15s. (including supper) from Mrs. Vera Biggs, 2 Wyndham Place, W.1.

FILM SEASON Everyman Theatre, Hampstead. Season of Ingmar Bergman films. *Sawdust & Tinsel*, 14-20 March; *A Lesson In Love*, 21-27 March.

FIRST NIGHTS Phoenix Theatre. *A Majority Of One*. Tonight.

Savoy Theatre. *Berenice*, 10 March. *Britannicus*, 15 March. (Marie Bell compagnie.)

Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. *The Dancing Heiress*. 15 March.

St. Martin's Theatre. *Inherit The Wind*. 16 March.

Vaudeville Theatre. *Follow That Girl*. 17 March.

THEATRE From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 452.

Make Me An Offer. "... the story has a narrative tension that is rare in an English musical. . . ." Daniel Massey, Diana Coupland, Dilys Laye, Martin Miller (New Theatre, TEM 3878).

One Way Pendulum. "... grave essay in absurdity . . . describes a suburban household that is . . . quite mad." Alison Leggatt, George Benson, Douglas Wilmer. (Criterion Theatre, WHI 3216.)



CINEMA From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 453.

G.R. = General release

Conspiracy Of Hearts. "... heart-rending . . . a service to humanity . . . you cannot fail to be moved to tears." Lilli Palmer, Sylvia Syms, Albert Lieven, Ronald Lewis. (Leicester Sq. Theatre, WHI 5252.)

Operation Petticoat. "... Whether or not you find it funny depends on your ability to visualize the war in the Pacific as a great old lark . . . the production is polished but could do with cutting." Cary Grant, Tony Curtis. G.R.



Cheese porters in Alkmaar

GOING PLACES *continued*

Going Dutch

by DOONE BEAL

THE spectacular six-month Floriade garden exhibition, which opens in Rotterdam on 25 March, will lure many visitors to Holland in addition to those who come to see the brief but glorious season of spring flowers.

What never strikes you until you are in Holland is that it is a country of no distances. For example I motored all the way from Amsterdam to Haarlem for cocktails. From The Hague, Amsterdam is only an hour away by car on the direct road, Rotterdam about 20 minutes. Roads in this pancake-flat landscape are almost universally excellent, and even small country inns have a northern European regard for the conventional comforts.

The charm and delight of Holland, leaving Amsterdam and The Hague apart for the moment, is its old market towns. Surrounded by windmills, latticed with canals, punctuated with picturesque locks and hump-backed bridges, they have a nostalgic pace, a restful equanimity. To see them at their most interesting, choose your day. Thursday is market day in both Gouda and Delft. See Gouda in the morning, as the cheese market starts early. While there, visit the 15th-century church of St. Jan's with more than 60 perfect medieval stained glass windows. Nearby, on the way to Delft, is Schoonhoven, the walled city famous for its silverwork, where a spot in the town hall square marks the site of a witch-burning.

The Vermeer skyline of Delft can be seen for miles. It is one of the most perfectly preserved towns in Holland, with an enchanting flower market and its New Church—dating from 1250—contains the necropolis of the Dutch royal family.

North of The Hague are Leiden and Haarlem. Leiden, with its weeping willows flanking the canals, is the seat of the Netherlands' leading university which dates from the 16th century. It is also the birth-

place of Rembrandt and contains the Church of the Pilgrim Fathers. It has also some worthwhile antique shops, a wonderful concert hall and Chinese restaurants (these, in every country town, never cease to surprise me, they seem so out of context). Gastronomically, a speciality is made of pancakes—try them at the *Pancake House*. Haarlem, whose town centre is perhaps even prettier, is the birthplace of Frans Hals. His house, now a small candle-lit museum, contains many of his portraits.

Choose a Friday to visit Alkmaar, north west of Amsterdam, for the

cheese market. The cheese porters still wear the red, blue or yellow hats denoting the farmers' guild to which they belong, and the whole occasion is robust, colourful and charming.

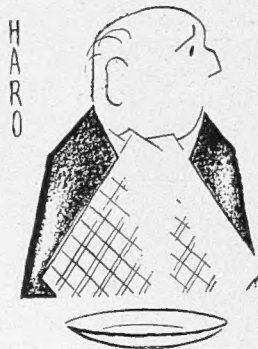
Just outside Amsterdam itself is the famous flower market at Aalmeer. It operates daily, but must be seen before 10 a.m. The great warehouses are full of ravishing plants, and flowers trimmed to within a centimetre of uniform length. Laid out in rows like so many sheaves of corn, they illustrate once more the almost pathological passion of the Dutch for neatness. The bidding, conducted by bell push in a tobacco haze from the galleries, gives a fascinating insight into one of the world's most romantic but hard-headed industries.

In a way, the most poetic little towns of all are the *ghost ports* of the Zuider Zee—Medemblik, Enkhuisen and Hoorn. The west coast of Holland is important industrially, with an increasing rise of skyscraper blocks and factory chimneys. These little east coast ports, on the other hand, derive from the golden age of the East India company. Since about 1820 they have ceased to matter, and now drowse away beside the shallow, misty waters of the inland sea. In Hoorn, the old weighing

house (*Den Waag*) still has cheese weights and huge carts down below; the restaurant up above was once a 16th-century look-out tower. Enkhuisen is even more picturesque. In any event, the old ports make an easy and satisfying day's trip from Amsterdam.

Of The Hague, Boswell, writing from Holland in 1763, says: "It is a beautiful and elegant place. It is, however, by no means a Dutch town; the simplicity and plain honesty of the old Hollanders has given way to the show and politeness of the French." And, in truth, the insubstantial elegance of Lange Voorhout, with its trees and its 17th- and 18th-century Embassy buildings, still has an ambience vastly different from Amsterdam. This international village is the base and backbone of the old Dutch colonials (epitomized, for the casual visitor, in the *Hôtel des Indes*). The Hague is full of small, chic restaurants such as *Pizza*, *Chez Eliza* and *Saur*, a first-class fish restaurant. *Tampal Senang* and *Kota Ragja* are two of the best of the Indonesian quota. One of the nicest night spots is the *Thousand & One Nights*, with an Indonesian pianist and Arabian décor. It is small, and tellingly crowded. Definitely "beat" is the *Etoile*, haunt of the young, with a

continued on page 463



A carve-up for men

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

MANY MEN NOWADAYS SIT BACK and allow their wives to do the carving. I think this is a pity—not only laziness but a betrayal of paternal authority. Often men have not bothered to learn how to use the right knife or to keep it sharp. Good carving is not all that difficult; it is the product of patience and a good knife, with, of course, good meat. For a refresher course see below.

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

The Carvery, Regent Palace Hotel. (REG 7000.) Open Monday-Saturday 12.15-2.30 p.m. and Monday-Friday evenings inclusive 5.30-8.00 p.m. C.S. Here you carve for yourself

from a selection of top quality joints. The other two courses, in a meal that costs 12s. 6d. at lunch-time and, with certain additional dishes, 15s. in the evening, are excellent. This was a bold experiment which has paid off. The vegetables are among the best-cooked in London, and the small wine list is well chosen. W.B.

The Westbury, New Bond Street, W.1. (MAY 7755.) Restaurant only open Sundays. Grillroom C.S. One recent luncheon in the restaurant would be memorable, if only because it included that most delicate and delightful of fish, a February salmon. But both the restaurant and grillroom provide first-class cooking, supervised by the renowned chef Marius Dutrey. The menus recognize that while nearly half the residents of this hotel are American,

they want high quality English and Continental cooking when they are in London. The Westbury, too, is well situated for the new business quarter developing round Berkeley Square. Both restaurant and grillroom have first-class cold tables. W.B.

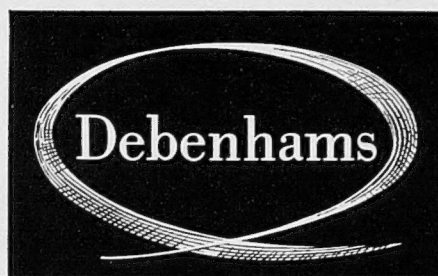
Debry Fils, 191 Brompton Road, S.W.3. (KEN 2733.) Though this restaurant, established 64 years ago, serves luncheons, dinners and light suppers, it is best known for its *pâtisserie*. The *gâteau* made with kirsch is something special. Open until 11 p.m. and is a pleasant place for those who do not enjoy *espresso* bars.

Aperitif Grill, 102 Jermyn Street. (WHI 1571.) C.S. This restaurant, cocktail bar and butchery, so popular with theatre-goers, is under the same management as Quaglino's. The manager, Leo Ertioni, is an outstanding figure in his profession, and the Aperitif is a witness to his accumulated skill. W.B.

Parkes Restaurant, 4 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. (KEN 1390.) Week-days 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. Sundays 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. Ray Parkes is a dedicated chef and this small, completely original and delightful restaurant is the expression of his art. You bring your own wine (a good one if you are wise) and pay no corkage, or send out for it. W.B.



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young and very gay . . .

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Vandyk

Miss Alice Fergusson to Mr. Ronald Renton. She is the daughter of Sir James Fergusson of Kilkerran, Bt., and Lady Fergusson. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Timothy Renton, of Thaxted, Essex

Engagements



Vandyk

Miss Leonie Steveni to the Hon. Michael Richards, Rifle Brigade. She is the youngest daughter of Col. Leo Steveni, M.C., & Mrs. Steveni, of Drayton Gardens, S.W.10. He is the younger son of Lord & Lady Milverton



Alan Baker

Miss Rosemary Purvis to Mr. Henry Jones. She is the elder daughter of Mr. Raymond Purvis, F.R.C.S., & Mrs. Purvis, of Chilworth, Southampton. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. H. Lyn Jones, of Croes Faen, Glamorgan



Vandyk

Miss Philippa Ann Rugg to Mr. David Selby Milner. She is the only daughter of Sir Percy & Lady Rugg, of Montagu Square, W.1. He is the son of Col. & Mrs. A. S. Milner, of Emberton, Bucks



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*The
Social
Alphabet* **X** for *Xenophobia* — or
"foreigners" are execrable

*New people have come to the Hall.
We think he's a City tycoon.
Their Jaguar's pink and maroon.
The heavens will probably fall—
They've given old Maggots the sack!
They're building a bar at the back.
The copper exterior wall
Looks a treat, next to Inigo Jones.*

*New people have come to the Hall.
His wife ran a club in her youth
(Pretty juicy, to tell you the truth—
It was closed under rather a pall).
The daughter is nine, and wears scent.
The son is a right little gent
With his woolly deerstalker and all.
The dog is the best of the bunch.*

*New people have come to the Hall.
Poor things, what a ghastly mistake!
What course can one possibly take?
Though properly people should call,
It's obvious nobody will.
Not terribly friendly, but still,
The chance of their staying is small
If everyone's beastly enough.*

Francis Kinsman

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THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER



9 March 1960

The engagement of Princess Margaret



IN THEIR HAPPIEST engagement photograph, Princess Margaret and her fiancé, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones, read the telegrams of good wishes that poured into Royal Lodge, Windsor, the weekend of the announcement. The TATLER joins in the felicitations with special pleasure, having published Mr. Armstrong-Jones's earliest work (see page 426). *Overleaf:* Princess Margaret and her fiancé at Covent Garden for a special performance of the Royal Ballet

Their first formal outing

Princess Margaret and her fiancé together at the Covent Garden benefit performance

REPORTED BY MURIEL BOWEN

A DAZZLING, glittering Princess Margaret had the ovation of her life when she went to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, for the special performance in aid of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund. It was her first public appearance with her fiancé, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones.

She looked ravishingly pretty as she stood in the blue-and-silver royal box to the cheers of more than 1,000 ballet fans. For fully two minutes the cheers rang through the glittering chandelier-hung opera house. The Princess waved and looked up at her fiancé. They talked and laughed together. Then, as they moved close together, more cheers.

It seemed for a moment as if the cheers would never stop. Then the Queen Mother sat down, the lights flickered out, and the curtain rose upon a colourfully dressed scene of English country dancing in full swing. With a pace that crackled along it was one of the most enjoyable performances I ever remember at Covent Garden, but for the audience it was the Princess and her fiancé who stole the show.

She wore a white satin strapless full-skirted gown, designed by Norman Hartnell. It wasn't new for the occasion, but it looked regal and gorgeous. It had an all-over design of pinky-red embroidery in the shape of flowers, the centres of which were picked out with diamanté bugle beads, and pearls.

Various people were presented, such as Lord Drogheda, Dame Ninette de Valois and Sir David Webster. I noticed as Mr. Armstrong-Jones approached the receiving line he did so with a Prince Philip gait—hands clasped firmly behind his back. He looked cool and poised as he stepped into what would seem destined to become a lifelong blaze of publicity.

The others making up the royal party were the Queen Mother's friends and staff. I noticed the Duke of Wellington's handsome son and his wife, the Marquess & Marchioness Douro, and Major John Griffin, the Queen

Below: Hands behind back like Prince Philip, Mr. Armstrong-Jones walks behind his fiancée



Top: Arriving. Middle: Mr. Armstrong-Jones's own photograph of Princess Margaret was published in the programme. Bottom: Earlier, back from Windsor



Mother's publicity adviser—the man whose telephone never stopped ringing the weekend after the engagement was announced. I found the Press full of admiration for the job which he did.

Most of the audience were genuine ballet enthusiasts. They had applied for their tickets more than a month ago and got them as result of a ballot.

Viscount Ingleby was there with his second daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Hay, who had a tomato-red satin dress with shoes to match. "We're both ballet fans," he told me. His elder daughter is, of course, the Hon. Iris Peake, who is lady-in-waiting to Princess Margaret. Sir Kenneth Clark had a box and was entertaining a number of friends.

Right: *The Covent Garden audience applauded the couple two full minutes*



He had his daughter Colette with him. "She's recently completed a Penguin which is doing very well," he told me. "It is called *At Home at Grasmere*."

Still more: **Viscount Soulbury**, Mr. & Mrs. **Nubar Gulbenkian** (he with his monocle fixed in position by a gold brace), **Lady (Charlotte) Bonham Carter**, **Lord & Lady Vivian**, **Sir John Russell**, **Lady Salter** and the Belgian Ambassador, **M. Rene van Meerbeke**.

It was a very dressed-up function. Virtually every woman in the Grand Tier and the stalls wore evening dress and there were several tiaras.

Altogether it was an evening that might have been just another charity turn-out.

continued overleaf





Much of the earliest work of Antony Armstrong-Jones appeared in The Tatler. This photograph of the shore at Blakeney Point, Norfolk, was published in September, 1951, the year after he coxed Cambridge to victory in the Boat Race

MURIEL BOWEN (continued from 425)

But the presence of Princess Margaret, for whom everybody has such an affectionate regard, with the man she is to marry, made it one of the most memorable in the history of the Royal Opera House.

THE PRESIDENTIAL VISIT

This was the second big occasion at Covent Garden in one week. The previous Friday there was a gala for **Dr. Manuel Prado**, the Peruvian President, and his wife. The **Queen Mother** asked them to go on to Clarence House for supper afterwards. (Because of family mourning she could not attend the gala in person.) She has a commonsense approach to supper parties and likes her guests sitting down, as for dinner. There's no balancing act with glasses and

plates plus the worry of bits and pieces careering on to the floor, or worse, on to a stiff, freshly-laundered front.

Thirty guests assembled in the ivory-white dining-room. They included **Princess Margaret**, the **Earl & Countess of Drogheda**, **Sir Frederick & Lady Hoyer Millar**, **Mr. Selwyn Lloyd**, **Viscount & Viscountess Davidson**, and the **Peruvian Ambassador & Señora de Rivera Schreiber**.

The **Queen Mother's** place at **Covent Garden** was taken by **Mr. Selwyn Lloyd**. He was host to the Peruvian guests in the royal box, which was swathed in lilac silk and decorated with flowers in red and white, Peru's national colours. The President and his wife saw **Dame Margot Fonteyn** as an alluring Giselle, and during one of the intervals they met members and officials of the Royal Ballet.

Ballet fans a-plenty were able to attend, as on this occasion only part of the grand tier was reserved for official guests. **Miss Vivien Leigh** and **Sir John Gielgud** had seats side by side near the royal box. The **Dowager Viscountess Hambleden**, **Capt. & Mrs. Charles Worthington** and **Miss Catherine Norman-Butler** were others present.

On the last day of the visit President & Señora de Prado gave a dinner at the Peruvian Embassy in Porchester Terrace. Afterwards there was a reception. The **Duchess of Kent**, wearing the dark red ribbon of her Peruvian order on her black dress (and smoking a cigarette in a short holder), sat on a sofa for some time chatting with the **Prime Minister**. **Mr. Macmillan**, very tanned after his sea voyage, was on his own, as **Lady Dorothy** has been ordered to rest. "There's nothing at all wrong," he told me. "It's just that she's very tired—she'll be all right."

Princess Alexandra had **Mr. Selwyn Lloyd** in stitches. The President's daughter, **Señora Rosa Prado** (who was sitting with them) looked a little nonplussed as she tried to keep up with their quick exchanges. An attractive and witty girl like Princess Alexandra is an asset at these official parties. So, too, is Señora de Prado, the President's wife, who talks well on a variety of subjects. This particular evening she was looking slim-as-an-elf in a Lanvin-Castillo dress embroidered all over with pearls, diamanté and bugle beads.

I wondered how she keeps her figure on the sort of meals she had been eating the previous few days. "Oh, but I need all the banquets I go to to keep my weight up," she told me, looking as if I were going to take the bread out of her mouth. In Peru she gets a large mail; people write to her often rather than to her husband. "Then it's not just in Peru, everywhere there are people who think they have a better chance of what they want through a woman's



mediation. As for my husband, I ask, I ask and I get."

I asked why she chose the delicious concoction she was wearing for this particular function? "It was my husband, of course," she said. "He's got very sure taste about what dress is best—he's never wrong." Her big brown eyes were dancing and I'm still not sure whether my leg was being pulled. These Peruvians make everybody feel the better for their coming, but their sense of fun just needs watching.

POLITICAL FUND-RAISING

At the Dorchester there was a great mass of Tories gathered for their Winter Ball, a benefit for the fighting funds of the marginal constituencies in the London area. **Lady**
concluded on page 429

To meet the President of Peru . . .

PHOTOS A V. SWAEBE

The President of Peru, Señor Dr. Don Manuel Prado, and Señora de Prado, at the Peruvian Embassy (left) with the Prime Minister, their dinner guest earlier. Right: The Duchess of Kent, who visited Peru last year with Princess Alexandra

Below: The Hon. Mrs. de Zulueta and Baron Adolph Bentinck, the Netherlands Ambassador. Below right: Mrs. John Hay Whitney, wife of the U.S. Ambassador, and Senhora Castello Branco, whose husband is the Brazilian Minister-Counsellor



*Señora Rivera Schreiber, wife
of the Peruvian Ambassador*

*The President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Reginald
Maudling, and his wife with Señor Rivera Schreiber*

*Sir Campbell Stuart, a director of
The Times, with Mr. Macmillan*



The Hon. Mrs. J. Ogilvy



Mr. Rory McEwen



Viscountess Folkestone



The Earl of Arran



Lady Primrose



Viscount Furness

Above: *Charity preview at the Westminster
Theatre of 'Visit to a Small Planet'*

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

ONE NIGHT IN WESTMINSTER

Below: *Annual reception at the Savoy
given by the Mayor of Westminster*



*Mr. & Mrs. Tony Prendergast with
(centre) the Hon. Vere Eliot*

PHOTOS: VAN HALLAN



*The arrival of the French Ambassador, Monsieur Jean Chauvel, is announced
by toastmaster John Mills. Madame Chauvel was also at the reception*



*Sir Charles Norton (a former mayor of Westminster) and Lady Norton are
greeted by the present Mayor & Mayoress, Group-Capt. & Mrs. Gordon Pirie*



*Group-Capt. Dennis Mitchel &
Mrs. Mitchel*



*Mrs. Tom Page with Mr. & Mrs.
Leslie Farmiloe*

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

(Elena) Bennett and her committee didn't confine their efforts to London. They reached into the highways and by-ways for guests who could reasonably be expected to spend their money generously.

They even got Lord & Lady Brecon all the way up from Breconshire, and Breconshire is such a good spot to live it's not easy to get people away from it. However, the Brecons and their daughter Lindy looked as if the journey had been worth while.

The tombola stall groaned with, well, prosperity. There were bedside lamps, premium bonds and cookery equipment. "Fancy you winning all that stuff, Toby," said a woman in a grey dress to Sir Toby Low, M.P. He won a portable TV set, a bedside lamp and a bottle of whisky. "No use staying in bed in the morning to watch television," he told me, "as there are no programmes. I think I'll probably take it on the golf course." (Sir Toby plays at Rye, Littleton and Royal St. George's.)

No such luck at the tombola, though, for Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon. She won a tin of sardines, and enough salad cream to jolly up a lettuce leaf. But she was being philosophical about it. "It's the fun of *trying* I enjoy," she said.

I saw Dame Barbara Brooke, partnered by Mr. Sam Salmon, getting about the crowded floor with unruffled ease. Mr. Salmon, the catering magnate and Deputy Leader of the Tories on the London County Council, does a polished foxtrot. Meanwhile his boss, Sir Percy Rugg, the Tory L.C.C. leader, was in

trouble: a leg came off his chair. Jolly Sir Percy is generously built.

The dance was gay as only a dance with many young people can be. "I knew we were going to get a good response, but I didn't expect anything like this," said Lady Farnham, chairman of the Young Committee.

WESTMINSTER'S THANK-YOU

A couple of miles away at the Savoy several hundred people, many of them diplomats, were confronted by a buffet that stretched round all four sides of the Lancaster Room. It was the annual reception of the Mayor of Westminster—Group-Capt. & Mrs. Gordon Pirie's "Thank You" for the hospitality of the past year.

The most interesting person I met there was Mr. David Cobbold, who is chairman of Westminster's Car-Parking Committee. "There will eventually have to be garages under Green Park and Hyde Park," he told me. "Green Park has already been looked into for a private garage—trouble is: where are the cars going to come out?"

Mr. Cobbold's committee is determined to prevent business from withering away in the centre of London for want of parking space, as it has done in many great American cities. "Business is better as result of the meters," he told me. "They cut out the people who used to park all day, and give space to those who drive into town to shop for an hour or two." The 620 parking meters

in Westminster will be increased to 1,350 next month. Within two years every kerb in Mr. Cobbold's realm is likely to have meters, with the exception of those in Soho. As he says: "You've got to move with the times."

The preview of *Visit to a Small Planet*, produced by Viscount Furness, brought a distinguished crowd to the Westminster Theatre. American-born Lady Ogilvy, Mr. Michael Denison and his wife Dulcie Gray, Lord & Lady Primrose, Mr. Billy Wallace, and that enthusiastic first-nighter Lady Victor Paget were among those supporting the preview, a benefit for the Knights of Malta & the Children's Country Holiday Fund.

Still more were: Sir Edward & the Hon. Lady Ford, Mr. Gervase Elwes, Lady Mary Bailey and Lord Howard of Glossop. In the back of the stalls was a contingent of the black-stockinged Chelsea set. The play was about the arrival of a man from outer space in a country house in Virginia.

It was a most successful evening for 30-year-old Lord Furness, who jumped into the deep end of theatrical backing a couple of years ago. "Of course it's all a bit nerve-racking, especially for the last few days before opening," he said to me—his plumpness, pink cheeks, and a laugh that comes from his boots, hardly supporting his remarks. His next West End effort, he hopes, will be a Mongolian folk opera. "The costumes and singing are very colourful," he tells me, "and the music isn't to be sneezed at."

BRIGGS by Graham





Crossing the pond

by LORD KILBRACKEN

I'VE JUST MADE my 26th crossing of that ever-shrinking stretch of water, the North Atlantic Ocean. During the war, I also spent about 300 hours flying some 28,000 miles over it on 93 anti-U-boat patrols, so I suppose I may claim that we are reasonably well acquainted. My first dozen crossings were in MAC-ships, in which I had the good fortune to spend a year or two of the war. The MAC-ship was a wonderful Admiralty invention to provide air cover in mid-Atlantic when orthodox carriers and long-range bombers were scarce. Recipe: Take a 10,000-ton oil tanker (belonging usually to the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company); remove the bridge; tack on an alleged flight deck—460 ft. by 66 ft.—running from stem to stern; add three Swordfish; and call it a Merchant Aircraft Carrier.

Even the names of the 19 MAC-ships are now fading from memory—though possibly, reconverted, they are still sailing the seas. Mine were the *Acavus* and the *Adula*. MAC-ships wore the Red Ensign and brought back a full load of oil on each trip. They carried a normal complement of merchant navy officers and men, plus a Wavy Navy contingent, much more Wavy than Navy, to fly and maintain the planes. To bring us under the jurisdiction of the master, we signed the ship's articles as deck hands, and received a lordly honorarium of a shilling a month and a bottle of beer a day.

Our beat was from Gourock to Halifax; the record was nine days, but our usual passage would be a fortnight. Once, however, we got landed with a four-knot convoy—all the old crocks who could guarantee no more than walking speed from Scotland to Nova Scotia. We ran into bad weather north of the Azores, and in a day of hard steaming made 69 miles. Amazing as it may now seem, we took 27 days to cross the Atlantic.

Life on these trips would oscillate between extreme boredom and rather too much

excitement. During daylight hours, we were at continual readiness to take off at five minutes' notice, unless the weather was impossible—which it seldom was, since you could aviate in a Stringbag when the birds were walking. On average we probably flew about four patrols a week and spent the rest of the time waiting. If it hadn't been for the non-stop anaconda school, which often became more important than the U-boats, we'd all have gone off our rockers.

"Jake" Bennett, Chief Allen, Captain Peters of the *Acavus*, Captain Rumbelow of the *Adula*, "Tug" Street, "Pro" Temm, Charlie Simpson—what's become of you?

In 1944 I transferred my allegiance to the Arctic and it was seven years before I renewed acquaintance with the Pond. Having driven a Morris Oxford from London to New Zealand (perforce excluding the *étapes* Dover-Ostend, Istanbul-Uskudar, Calcutta-Perth and Sydney-Wellington), I returned with relative orthodoxy and a cargo of refrigerated mutton in the *Mataroa* by way of Panama and Curaçao. Besides the mutton, the *Mataroa* carried 321 other passengers and a purser called W. C. Pook. The Atlantic hadn't changed, but peg quoits and deck tennis took the place of anaconda and dawn patrols. We took 13 days from Curaçao to Southampton.

That year, 1951, I earned my first dollars, 500 in number, for the TV rights in a book I'd written. I decided to invest them in a trip to the States to seek my fortune, and sailed tourist in the *Queen Mary*. The Atlantic was shrinking fast; as usual with the Queens, the trip took under five days. I didn't make my fortune, but I acquired among other things that indispensable adjunct of the impoverished nobleman or aspiring journalist (both of which I was and am): a lecture agent. Lillian, by the time I sailed for home in the *Île-de-France*, had undertaken to "sell" me, or rather to "offer"

me, in any town or city from Wichita Falls, Texas, to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, which possessed a Women's Club (as they almost all do), a Rotary Club (ditto), a college or university.

Since then I have accomplished, or perhaps I should say *endured*, no fewer than five American lecture tours, and am now embarking on my sixth. In '53 and '54 I Queened it both ways, graduating in the latter year from tourist to cabin. The Americans didn't buy me in '55 or '56, but by '57 I was selling again, and by then I had sufficiently mastered my phobia of flying to tackle the trip by air.

It was an unhappy reintroduction to aviation because an engine of the K.L.M. Constellation packed up at Shannon and we sat there gloomily for a day, our *Angst* steadily rising, till a new one arrived from Holland. We then whizzed off comfortably and safely, and I have since flown the Pond six times, thanks to Lufthansa, B.O.A.C., Air France and Pan-American. (The only excitement was on my first crossing with Pan-American, when the elastic broke in one engine just beyond the point of no return. We kept going on three, and made an emergency landing at Gander, Newfoundland.)

I can't say I enjoy flying—not as a passenger anyway—but it saves such a lot of time that I now find it indispensable. My fastest trip was homeward bound with Lufthansa when, thanks to tail winds, we made it in eight hours.

This time, I again flew Pan-American. I didn't take a jet because none operates from Shannon, my regular departure point; and I couldn't fly Aer Linte, as otherwise I might patriotically have done, because their three flights a week were all on the wrong days. I've made no return booking yet but maybe, coming home, I'll hop on a jet for London. That would do the trip just 108 times more quickly than my slowest ever—only 16 years ago.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY
LEWIS MORLEY

ANYONE can think of the Ritz, and Mr. Geoffrey Shakerley did. He was meeting Miss Christine Cobbold and they had drinks in the sumptuous foyer. But potted palms and baroque statuary are not for everybody—it's gracious, but you couldn't call it gay. Besides, an evening that starts at the Ritz is liable to end in the red. So the examination of the problem continues overleaf. . . .

WHERE SHALL WE MEET?

The Tatler
& Bystander 2s. weekly 10 Mar. 1960

Where
shall we
meet?



The cover girl was photographed by Colin Sherborne. A date with her would be about as hard to get as the new-type Eriksen's telephone she's using, because in most districts the G.P.O. has a waiting-list for the telephone, and the girl is in the Bahamas. But the toast rack would be easy to come by: it's from Harrods, in stainless steel (£1 2s. 9d.). The Patricia Hastings nightgown in white cotton with blue buds is at John Lewis (57s. 9d.) and so is the matching bedjacket (37s. 9d.). The egg had a lion on it, not that that proves anything. . . .



Why not pick up the girl at home? Chances are she has a job these days and won't be there. Miss Lucinda Roberts (*left*) works as a fashion model, so Mr. Johnathan Radcliffe suggested the Berkeley Buttery, where they met up with Mr. & Mrs. William Donaldson. It's a place where you don't get pressed to stay for dinner

The Chelsea set congregate in the Markham Arms, in King's Road, discover which parties are on and decide which ones to crash. That makes for plenty of atmosphere, which may be why Mr. Hugh Davies (*opposite*), who works sedately in the City, met Miss Wendy Weldon there. Also if a girl arrives alone, they won't think the worst

WHERE SHALL WE MEET?

continued



For somewhere central, you can't get much nearer Piccadilly Circus than Bobby's Bar (*above*) at the Café Royal (it used to be part of Oddenino's). Plenty of theatres are walking distance away. Freemasons should have their passwords ready as they are liable to bump into other initiates—under the bar are several permanent lodges



If it's a daylight date—Saturday mornings, say—a place like Fortnum & Mason's new Travel Patio takes some beating. Mr. Georg-Paul Reichert arranged to meet Miss Tessa Milne there because he can get Kaffee unde Sachertorte just the same as in Vienna. He can also look at travel folders if he's early (or she's late)—or even fix a trip home to Austria



RATHER out of the way, but worth it for the view over the Thames, especially in summer, is the Festival Hall. There's usually an art exhibition of some kind to pass the time. Mr. Richard Walton was waiting in the foyer there for Miss Judi Dench



FOR those who can't bear to hang about with nothing to look at, the Design Centre in Haymarket provides a compact exhibition. Miss Sarah Jacobs met her aunt Miss Atkinson there, but fortunately it was a Wednesday—one of the only two late-closing nights (see page 435)



WHERE SHALL WE MEET?

concluded

THE Institute of Contemporary Arts may sound forbidding but you need barely have heard of Picasso. (The photographer forgot to ask Mr. Anthony Tancred, who was meeting Miss Georgina Cookson there.) There are drinks and coffee, an exhibition that keeps you one-up in name-dropping on the art front, and the handiness of Dover Street

THERE may be a double-take if you say "at the Ladies Annexe of the Public Schools' Club," but not if she's been there before. The club is informal (members actually talk to each other), the people are young, and the cuisine is excellent. Mr. T. Dashwood, the secretary (*taller*), hopes everybody is as satisfied as Major Pye-Smith, a country member since 1911



For those who are organized enough to join, there's nothing like a club—the kind that doesn't have "Silent Disco" on the walls. One of the handiest and most useful is the Royal Court Theatre Club in Sloane Square, under the lively direction of Mr. Clement Freud. At the bar were Mr. David Monico and the Hon. Lady Morris. Mr. Adrian Slade, who has often been at the cabaret there, dropped in (left)

THERE is also an entertainment background (below) to the Folio Club, which incorporates the Record Society and consequently has an automatic record bar and a stereophonic player, as well as plenty of books. On the night of the royal prince's birth, Mr. Paul Duffar and his friend Miss Carys Wadsworth met there for a celebration with Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Brocklebank-Fowler. The club is in Brook Street



For a quick decision on the telephone . . .

Brief Encounter, Knightsbridge. A pleasant little bar upstairs

Brown's Hotel, Dover Street. The St. George's bar for sobriety

Bobby's bar (Café Royal), Regent Street

Berkeley Buttery, Piccadilly—Berkeley Street

Cappuccino, St. George Street. Excellent coffee bar between Hanover Square and the Westbury

Coffee House, Lower Regent Street. Fountains play and the coffee foams

Charing Cross Hotel. The pleasant first-floor Aperitif bar looks out on to the Strand

Connaught Hotel, Carlos Place. So relaxing

Design Centre, Haymarket. Nowhere to sit, but plenty to look at. Open till 9 p.m. Wednesdays & Thursdays (otherwise 5.30)

Fortnum & Mason's Travel Patio. Store hours only, of course

Festival Hall, South Bank. Not likely to meet people you know, unless they're concert-goers

Gordon's wine & sherry bar, Villiers Street (opposite Players' Theatre). Genuinely ancient Grotta bar (coffee), Cranbourn Street (by Leicester Square).

Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge. The Buttery bar has its own entrance

Jules bar, Jermyn Street. Plush

May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street. The May Fair bar, like everything else there, has had a facelift

Marble Arch Corner House. The Star grill has a convenient bar

Markham Arms, King's Road, Chelsea. The set's pub

Moka-Ris, 10 Dean Street, Soho. Gaggia's own coffee bar, with mountains of greenery

Old Georgian Coffee House, Goodwin's Court (off Charing Cross Road). Quaintest of the genre, but architecturally genuine Georgian

The Partisan, 7 Carlisle Street, Soho. The Socialist coffee and talking shop. Mentioned so that you can't be caught out for not thinking of it

The Ritz, Piccadilly. The capitalists' own, but so much quieter than the Stock Exchange

Short's wine bar, The Strand. Used to be on the other side of the road, now faces Aldwych

Shangri-La, Brompton Road. Chinese setting for the coffee cult

Scott's, Coventry Street. The downstairs bar (entrance in Windmill Street)


Simpson's, Piccadilly. Useful coffee bar in shopping hours—licensed at lunchtime

Swan & Edgar, outside. You can do better than this. . . .

Trocadero, Shaftesbury Avenue. Choice of Foyer, Salted Almond or American bars. Proving that Lyons take to licensing even better than to tea

Westbury Hotel, corner of Bond Street and Conduit Street. The Polo bar

Yates's, Northumberland Avenue. Pub with a penchant for wine



ON BROADWAY, where the critics make and break shows, the notices for *Suzie Wong* were a long way short of enthusiastic, and the notices for *Flower Drum Song* weren't so much better. For once they didn't make much difference. Both shows got their money back long before they moved over for more pickings in London. The rage for the Orient proved more powerful than the appetite for better entertainment. Just what, then, is the appeal? Everybody has a theory about this, but most of them boil down to the irresistible charm of the Chinese heroine (who in fact is usually Eurasian). Alas, Mr. Chin Yang Lee, who wrote the novel on which Rodgers & Hammerstein based *Flower Drum Song*, warns that the sweetness and docility of the Chinese girl on stage is deceptive. Since emancipation, he says, Chinese women have ceased to be the traditional quiet, obedient creatures. With freedom has come spoiling, and most Chinese husbands, he considers, are henpecked. Mr. Lee, photographed below, is over here for the London opening at the Palace. He thinks the Oriental vogue "goes back to wartime": "G.I.s went to the East and discovered these exotic backgrounds. Writers kept the thing going. There was James Michener's *Tales Of The South Pacific* in 1947

THE RAGE

for

THE ORIENT

PHOTOGRAPHS: ALEC MURRAY



Lewis Morley

and others like *The Teahouse Of The August Moon*. Then came the Korean war, and more G.I.s went East." The return of so many G.I.s with Oriental wives must be galling to Chinese Americans, since there is an acute shortage of Chinese brides for them. According to Mr. Lee, the ratio is about one to seven. Hence the custom of importing a bride chosen from her photograph, which is the starting-point for *Flower Drum Song*

Opposite: Yau Shan Tung was born in Paris and will star at 20 in the London production of *Flower Drum Song* when it opens at the Palace Theatre on 24 March. She will play Mei Li. She went to drama school in Paris (where her father owned a Chinese restaurant), appeared in cabaret, and modelled for Givenchy. After discovering her in Paris, Jerome Whyte (the show's director) took her to New York to see the U.S. production, and made her learn English



THE RAGE FOR

THE ORIENT

continued

Edwina Carroll (below) was born in Rangoon. She has been here nine years, auditioned for a singing part in The King And I, instead was offered a Japanese speaking part in The Teahouse Of The August Moon. She has been in several films, is now inevitably appearing in Suzie Wong. She loves cooking, is married to Philip Waddilove, a recording company executive





Ayako Ogawa Morris (left) was born in Japan, is also married to an Englishman (he is a scholar of Japanese literature). She came to England at 19 to study at the Royal Ballet school, but returned home in 1956 (via a year in Paris) and became principal dancer of Tokyo's Komaki Ballet Company. When Dame Margot Fonteyn danced with the company last year, Ayako danced the part of the Lilac Fairy. She returned to London last September, and is not in *The World Of Suzie Wong*. But she'll be in the film . . .



Kim Lim comes from Singapore. She is studying at the Slade. Apart from her plaster "forms in suspension," shown here, she also does wood-carving, and her work has been shown at the R.B.A. Galleries' Young Contemporary Exhibition and at the Commonwealth Institute. She is a keen photographer. This summer she plans to return to Singapore for a working holiday



Tsai Chin (left) was born in Hongkong. She plays Suzie in the London production of *The World Of Suzie Wong* (which her husband, Peter Coe, produces). She came to England five years ago to train at R.A.D.A. and was their first Chinese student. Back home, her father is a prominent classical actor. Like almost every other member of the Chinese community in Britain, Tsai appeared in the film *Inn Of The Sixth Happiness*. She also spoke the introductions during the Chinese Classical Theatre season at Drury Lane.



Jacqueline Chan (left) comes from Trinidad of Chinese and Russian parents, and has been here 10 years. She understudies Tsai Chin's Suzie. Trained at the Royal Academy of Dancing, she joined the Windsor Repertory Company, and has since acted and danced in several West End productions, besides working as a model. Often photographed by Tony Armstrong-Jones, she is now filming in *Suzie*.

Shi-na (opposite) was born in Russia of Japanese-Russian extraction, but spent her early childhood in Hiroshima and Korea. She went to Russian and Chinese schools in Peking, Tsingtao, Shanghai and Hongkong, and then worked in Hongkong, first as a commercial artist, and later for a short time as an air hostess. She still paints, but her real ambition is to become a serious actress. At present she is in *The World Of Suzie Wong*.

THE RAGE FOR

THE ORIENT

concluded



GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

Scents for the 'Sixties

Priscilla Conran



FACED with a scent counter stacked as solid as the one above, the first thing to do is to narrow the range before you start sampling. Try three at most, because no nose can take more than that at one time. So you may as well do the preliminary elimination by the price or the prettiness of the bottles. Of course, the scent must be tried on your own wrists, not on the counter girl's—it smells different according to the skin.

Once you've got it, how to wear it? Well, a potent way is to spray it on to the hair, as the scalp oils act as a natural fixative. Other good spots for application (because they're warm) are wrists, throat, temples, backs of knees and *décolletages*. Conventional dabs behind each ear will never bathe you in a steady flow of fragrance. Life expectancy for perfume reaches four hours.

For retouches: Chanel No. 5 travels in a dashing black and gilt *flacon*, Jolie Madame by Balmain is well defended in a white case, gilt banded. Miss Dior is smartly imprisoned in ridged gilt.

Bottle sense: unopened, scent is open to many pitfalls—seven out of ten complaints to a famous French firm are due to opening

accidents. The correct way to unstop is to cut the cord around top and remove the "skin" sealer. Slapdash at this stage results in either the sealer getting between stopper and neck of bottle and allowing air to enter or "skin" dropping into essence and causing contamination. The bottle is accident-prone at storage stage, too: light causes oxydization, heat is harmful. Once your bottle is opened properly and stored in a cool, dark place, evaporation is negligible.

SCENTS SHOWN HERE: Weil's Zibeline, Guerlain's L'Heure Bleue, Balenciaga's Le Dix, Floris' Stephanotis, Dior's Miss Dior, Lubin's Gin Fizz, Lanvin's Arpège, Molyneux' Le Chic, Revillon's Detchema and Millot's Crêpe de Chine. The sprays to put them on with are precision products of the jet age—unfussy and non-floral. Amour's takes the guise of a crocodile lighter, costs 72s. 6d. from Harvey Nichols. Marcel Franck's is gilt-finished with a press-button action (£4) and the one like a mother-of-pearl lipstick case is by Step (78s. 6d.); both from Woolland's. The elegant Italian atomizer in ridged gilt costs 79s. 6d. from a selection at Dickins & Jones.

THE COLLECTIONS
CONTINUED*Destination
London*

By the end of the month the model departments of several leading London stores will be selling exact copies of many of the clothes shown in the recent French and Italian collections. These stores, having close ties with individual couture houses, are granted exclusivity in the United Kingdom for the *toiles* they buy but repeats of the original models are never made in large quantities. Mostly they are copied in the same materials and, as frequently, made only to measure, so it is impossible to quote overall prices as customers often choose another or less costly fabric. Copies of the Claude Rivière débutante ball dress (*along-side*) made up in the original rose-printed pure silk taffeta (the flowers are in natural colours on a white ground) will be available ready-to-wear in sizes up to 16 at Harrods at the end of March. Special sizes to order. Debenham & Freebody have the exclusive right in England to copy furs from the Lanvin-Castillo Collection. Harvey Nichols are making the entire *Boutique* collection of Princess Irene Galitzine of Rome and many models from the Roman house of Fontana. Woollands have first call on the gay resort collection of Florence's Marchese Emilio Pucci and have bought 23 *toiles* from Givenchy. From these a limited number of evening dresses (some in the original fabrics) will be made in sizes up to 38 in., and special orders will be accepted. Day dresses in silks and shantung will be made in small quantities up to size 40 in., ranging in price from £35 to £40 and also to special order. Tailored suits and coats will come somewhere between £45-£60. Simpsons of Piccadilly have broken new ground in gaining exclusive rights in England to copy the collection of Spain's young designer, Elio Berhanyer.

*Photographs in Paris by***NORMAN EALES***In Italy by***MICHAEL DUNNE**



The tunic line, used successfully in clothes for all hours of the day both in Paris and Florence, is carried through in this model by Jole Veneziani of Milan by two horizontal tucks on the hipline of the white satin dress. Richly embroidered bands of diamanté edge the sweeping hem and neckline. Made to measure in Debenham & Freebody's Gainsborough Room at the end of March



The tunic line was again in evidence in another model by Veneziani. The Milan couturier designed this dinner dress in brilliantly striped silk chiffon with a long tunic over the straight gathered skirt. The model has been copied over here by Susan Small in Italian pink chiffon and will be on sale at Derry & Toms, Kensington High Street, at the end of the month. The price of the London version runs at about 23½ gns.



From Pierre Balmain, internationally famous for the most sumptuous of ball dresses, comes a *robe de style* with a prodigious skirt of white tulle and embroidered with gold *paillettes* and pheasant feathers (*detail, opposite*). Copies of this "great occasion" dress—Balmain calls it *Nuit de Chambord*—will be obtainable, made-to-measure only, in Debenham & Freebody's Gainsborough Room but not before the end of March





Destination London

continued



Opposite: Destination Harrods for Jacques Heim's young-look crimson coat and skirt lined with black and white checked taffeta and worn with a matching blouse. At the end of March copies, made ready-to-wear up to size 16, will be available in the original colours and also in off-white and royal blue shades. Special sizes can be made to order.

Jacques Heim's travel top-coat from his current collection in a black and white check is being copied in the Jacques Heim Room at Harrods, Knightsbridge, in brushed wool, off-white or Chinese green. The coat will also be made in a yellow tweed. In ready-to-wear the sizes run up to 16 but special sizes can be made to order. The

dress in peacock blue suède (*above, left*) was worn under the coat in the Paris collection but will not be available at Harrods. As well as their Claude Rivi re and Jacques Heim room (medium price, ready-to-wear), Harrods also have a Christian Dior room, and the Little Room in the model department is devoted exclusively to clothes by Balmain



Paris hats by Bernard Devaux find a London destination with Simone Mirman of Chesham Place who is making the collection over here. Devaux, who first drew attention with the meringue tulle hats he designed for Pierre Cardin, has now transferred his allegiance to the house of Lanvin-Castillo. Shown are three hats available from Mme. Mirman, made-up from those shown in the Lanvin-Castillo spring collection. The turban shape (*above*) is in white net studded with a jewelled crescent, the hat (*above, left*) is of stiffened black tulle scattered with pale green organza flower heads and trimmed with black ciré ribbon while the model (*below*) takes a high line in black *point d'esprit* net with a vizor of black tulle and a bow of black ribbon



SKETCHES BY GRAZ



Italy liked Liberty's Lotus Range fabrics—revivals of the *Art Nouveau* designs inspired by William Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites and fashionable at the turn of the century. These original blocks are printed in today's colours and many International couturiers used them. Fontana Sorelle of Rome for example shaped this pure silk foulard evening dress in Liberty's *Constantia* with vivid royal blue, violet and mauve tones printed on white. Copies of the dress can be made to order at Liberty's by the end of March



Another design from the house of Fontana is the short evening dress photographed by the fountain at the foot of the Spanish Steps in Rome. It is in Liberty's *Madriana* white chiffon printed with an all-over design in black and the dress is swathed and mounted on white silk. The black silk slub coat is lined with pure silk foulard in a matching design. The coat and the dress can be made to order at Liberty's at the end of the month. Harvey Nichols are also making copies of other models from the house of Fontana

Destination London *concluded*



1



2



3



4

Scripture *with a* **BANG!**

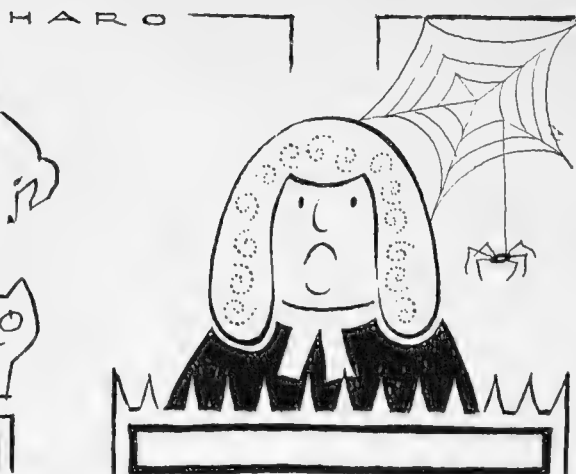
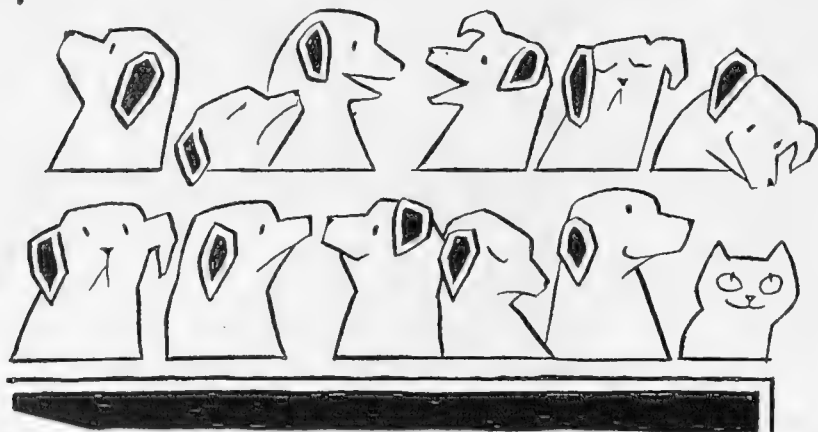
THE PROJECT is to make a new edition of the Apocalypse of St. John which should be the dearest book in the world—£100,000. It will have the text of St. John in seven languages plus commentaries by seven writers (possibles are Hemingway and Pasternak) and illustrations by seven painters (included are Dali, Fougita, Chagall and Picasso). Type will be hand-carved in wood specially for the book and will print on parchment pages. The original will be on show in European capitals and the hope is that a collector or museum will buy it. Publisher Joseph Foret intends printing seven other copies at prices ranging from two to ten thousand pounds

THE PICTURES show: 1 French publisher Joseph Foret talks to his printer about composition and 2 views a page. 3 French painter Mathieu will collaborate. 4 So will Fougita, the Japanese artist, shown looking at his illustrations for the new Apocalypse. Salvador Dali has thought up a plaster bomb, encrusted with metal objects such as nails, watches and amulets engraved with the Virgin. On explosion, these will make impressions on copper plates and form the basis for his pictures. Always one for a big bang, Dali has had six bombs made in a Paris workshop (*four of them are seen opposite*), and they are being sent to him in Spain for letting off. While in Paris Dali took a hand in making a page for the book (*opposite below*), using a specially prepared paste

PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS BY PAUL ALMASY



THE END



VERDICTS

The play. **Henry V.** Mermaid Theatre.
(William Peacock, Edgar Wreford, Michael Griffiths, Aubrey Woods, Anton Diffing, Suzanne Fuller, Aubrey Woods, Deirdre White, Harry Gwyn-Davies.)

The films. **When Comedy Was King.** Producer Robert Youngson.
(Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Harry Langdon, Laurel & Hardy, and others.)

Carry On Constable. Director Gerald Thomas.
(Sidney James, Eric Barker, Kenneth Connor, Hattie Jacques.)

The Battle Of The Sexes. Director Charles Crichton.
(Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, Constance Cummings, Anne Sharp.)

A Dog Of Flanders. Director James B. Clark.
(Donald Crisp, David Ladd, Theodore Bikel.)

The books. **The Other Face**, by Fr. Philip Caraman (Longmans, 30s.)
They Were Defeated, by Rose Macaulay (Collins, 21s.)
Senator Joe McCarthy, by Richard Rovere (Methuen, 18s.)
The Dandy, by Ellen Moers (Secker & Warburg, 36s.)
A Share For The Heart, by Christine de Rivoire (Hart-Davis, 15s.)

The records. **Triple Exposure**, by Humphrey Lyttelton.
His Master's Jazz, by Eddie Thompson.
The Cool Sound of Pepper Adams.
Vintage '59, by Woody Herman.



Why not leave it to Shakespeare?

NO DOUBT THE AMERICAN PUBLISHERS of potted strip cartoon versions of Shakespeare can make out a case that, through their efforts, millions who knew little and cared less about the Bard now know some of the stories, at least, of his plays.

The argument seems to be that if Shakespeare is so disguised that he is unrecognizable he can then be fed to a public that doesn't want him, and that somehow it will do them good. Doctors, of course, have been using the method with their medicines for centuries, and long ago came to the logical conclusion that since the sugar of the pill had become more important than the medicinal core, that core

could be completely dispensed with.

In presenting Julius Gellner's "battledress" production of **Henry V** the Mermaid Theatre has come perilously near to a parallel *reductio ad absurdum*.

Cocking a snook at the purists, Bernard Miles (who shared the work of adaptation with Gellner) set out to put the play over to those people for whom Shakespeare was only a memory of dreary lessons at school. First the play was cut almost by half. And since it had to be done, we acknowledge that it was cleverly done. A few anachronisms were ironed out but the only striking change was in the first speech of the Chorus, where,

"Think, when we talk of horses,
that you see them
"Printing their proud hoofs i' the
receiving earth"

became,

"Think, when we talk of horses,
that you see tanks
"Printing their steel tracks i' the
receiving earth."

But the Chorus appealing to us, "Let us . . . on your imaginary forces work," did not reckon with Mr. Gellner who, as director, then proceeded to hit us with every possible imagination-dissuader. All hell was let loose as newsreel shots of World War Two were flung on to a screen at the back of the stage. Real live war blared on the sound track, howitzers, shells, bombs, machine-guns, the lot. The air was filled with real gunpowder smoke as a field-gun on stage

exploded deafening blank shells. Spotlights became searchlights, air-raid sirens wailed.

A brass band played *Colonel Bogey*, victory-drunk Tommies bawled *Roll Out The Barrel*, a homesick private dragged *Roses Of Picardy* out of a reluctant mouth-organ, another squeezed a concertina. Drums drummed and bugles blared a recital of Bugle Calls of the British Army.

Where was Shakespeare? Well there are lulls, of course, in even the most modern wars, and so at times Mr. Gellner was able to fit quite sizeable chunks of him in. These chunks, if I understood Mr. Miles's intention correctly, were the core of the pill to which all the gimmicks were the sugar. But we were not to have the medicine pure.

"Mustn't let them know it's poetry or they might walk out," Mr. Gellner seemed to be saying. So most of the actors delivered their lines in a naturalistic manner to match their prosaic khaki.

William Peacock, an unusually gentle Henry, gasped his way through the "Once more unto the breach" speech with a breathless rush, flinging himself "over the top" to lie in No Man's Land as the gunfire started again.

The St. Crispin's day speech, too, was delivered erratically, but here at least there were no sound effects or background music to make hearing difficult, and something of the indomitable poet emerged. In fact, for the simple reason that it was possible to hear every word, Henry's tour of his camp in the still



KING HENRY, OR MAYBE HENRY KING: Democratic realism puts Shakespeare through the wringer in the Mermaid's modern-dress version of King Henry V. As the King William Peacock (left) speaks to Montjoy the French herald (Anton Diffing). Right: Before Harfleur—with rifles instead of longbows

of the night on the eve of Agincourt was the most rewarding part of the evening. For the same simple reason—and not because she was sitting under a hair dryer—the Princess Katharine (Suzanne Fuller) gave us a charming English lesson.

The truth that emerges from all this is one we have known ever since Hamlet was first put in a dinner jacket and plus fours. You can do anything you like with Shakespeare, for as long as you can hear him he will transcend the devil's own production.

So, if by holding out its sensationalist bait the Mermaid can create new audiences for Shakespeare, I wish her luck. But it is a big "if." So long as the Bard's name is on the posters audiences are likely to be predominantly discriminating Shakespeare followers who prefer their poet neat, not in a Molotov cocktail.



A flashback to real fun

IT WOULD, I CANNOT HELP FEELING, be a jolly good thing if certain persons currently concerned with the making of British comedies were taken, by special coach or plain covered van, to see *When Comedy Was King*. This delicious collection of excerpts from the

comedies of the "silent" days might teach them a thing or two: that vulgarity is not necessary, for instance—and that the effective comedy character bears some resemblance to a real human being, no matter how fantastic the situations in which he finds himself.

Before one's enchanted eyes Mr. Snub Pollard (whom I do not remember ever to have seen) whizzes about in a miniature car that runs without petrol; much put-upon Mr. Harry Langdon has trouble with the new maid; Mr. Buster Keaton, not a muscle moving in that marble face, disrupts the annual march-past of the New York police force and successfully eludes arrest; and Messrs. Laurel and Hardy engage in a tit-for-tat battle royal with Mr. Jimmy Finlayson while a stolid cop stands by, practising non-intervention.

Half a dozen other well-chosen masterpieces are briefly represented—Mr. Charles Chaplin's contribution dates back to 1914, when he was turning out 35 pictures a year and was not above being known as "Charlie"—and the whole riotous production rattles along at a spanking pace, compelling one's admiration for the split-second timing and the sheer comic genius of the once well-loved, now half-forgotten, stars who made us laugh when the cinema was young.

You will not find much of this sort of thing in *Carry On Constable*, a fairly daunting little piece of British vulgarity, the humours of which are largely confined to the bathroom and the water-closet. I have to confess that when I was condemned to see it, it drew guffaws from an invited audience (of plumbers and their mates, maybe?) while I sat quietly curdling in a corner.

The story (what am I saying? Oh, well—let's call it a story) tells how four raw and rattled recruits to the Force, each equipped with the minimum of brains and two left feet, muddle along under the good-humoured guidance of two sergeants (Mr. Sidney James and

Miss Hattie Jacques, both admirably human) and the disapproving eye of a hostile inspector (Mr. Eric Barker)—until a lucky chance enables them to prove themselves a credit to the constabulary.

The four recruits are irritatingly over-played by Messrs. Leslie Phillips, who leers, Kenneth Connor, who stutters, Charles Hawtrey, who simpers, and Kenneth Williams, who mimmers his nose in a rabbit way. They are not characters: they are not even caricatures—they are simply incredible. As in all the *Carry On* films, one feels that the scriptwriter, Mr. Norman Hudis, is basically a decent chap and capable of far, far better things. I hope somebody will let him do them—soon.

Mr. Monja Danischewsky's production, *The Battle Of The Sexes*, directed by Mr. Charles Crichton, is an amiable and adroit comedy, based on a story by Mr. James Thurber called *The Catbird Seat*. It has the gentle charm one associates in memory with the best films from the lamented Ealing Studios—with which, incidentally, both of these gentlemen were closely associated.

Mr. Peter Sellers, giving another of his remarkable character studies, is an elderly accountant employed by an old-fashioned Scottish firm which makes and markets hand-woven tweeds. He is seriously disturbed when his boss, fruity Mr. Robert Morley, introduces an American efficiency expert, Miss Constance Cummings, to brush away the cobwebs and brighten up the business. Mr. Sellers wants no truck with such diabolical modern innovations as adding machines, cross-reference filing systems and inter-office telephones: ingeniously and mously he sets about sabotaging them.

Miss Cummings is disconcerted but not done for: she presses resolutely on with the work of modernization. Her suggestion that honest wool be replaced by synthetic fibres is the last straw for Mr. Sellers: he decides to murder her. With the stage all set for this

rash act, he suddenly hits upon a far subtler and more congenial way of getting rid of her. I wouldn't dream of spoiling your fun by telling you what it is.

Much as I admire Mr. Sellers's astonishing ability to get right into the skin of any rôle he plays, he has always (except as the shop steward in *I'm All Right, Jack*) seemed to me to lack human warmth. He is like a man who has looked upon a gorgon and been turned to stone within. But this is a strictly personal feeling of mine. Do not let

continued overleaf



EFFICIENCY OR BUST. Above: Mrs. Burrows (Constance Cummings) the expert who has been brought in to mechanize the office. Top: The saboteur of her admirable idea (Peter Sellers) with friend (Anne Sharp), in *The Battle Of The Sexes*



BEGIN YOUR LANCÔME CARE YOUNG
...TO REMAIN VERY LOVELY

FRAICHEUR with water, will cleanse
and clear.

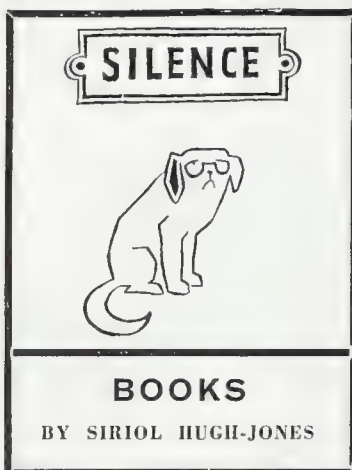
NUTRIX ensures your skin beauty

HARMONIE for a daytime magnolia
finish to your skin

LANCÔME

it deter you from seeing Mr. Danishevsky's delightful film.

The sentimental will no doubt tearfully enjoy *A Dog Of Flanders*, a harmless piece of "family entertainment" based, believe it or not, on a fragrant story by Ouida about a nice little Flemish boy, who lives with his nice but exceedingly poor grandfather (Mr. Donald Crisp) and has a nice, hard-working dog to pull the milk-cart with which he makes a modest living. He dreams of being a painter—and you can count upon Mr. Theodore Bikel, a nice though temperamental artist, to see that he achieves his ambition. It could scarcely be nicer, could it?



Dark side of a golden age

SPARE TIME FOR A BOOK THAT ISN'T a novel, and not at all the sort of thing to cheer you along on a slow journey by rail. In fact *The Other Face*—an Elizabethan anthology collected and edited by Father Philip Caraman—is often a dark and terrible book, though the final impression is of tremendous courage and strength. It also contains some of the most superb writing to have come my way for a long time.

This remarkable anthology is an account of Catholic life under Elizabeth I, taken from little-known documents, letters, diaries, annals, contemporary lives and poems. It is an account of the most fearful persecution, endured with almost incredible calm and singleness of purpose. Through it stalks the appalling figure of Richard Topcliffe, the persecutor who racked prisoners in his own house; and after reading this book the Tower suddenly leaps into life as a place of blackness and outrage, not at all the nice cosy old historic monument so suitable for a holiday visit with the children.

It is crammed with marvellous things—the haunting account, for instance, of the "cry of hounds in the air" that was heard in Wiltshire on 6 April, 1580, when Edmund

Campion landed in England; and the brief, unforgettable four lines about a certain Mr. Swithin Wells: "For even in his way to execution, seeing by chance an old acquaintance of his, he could not forget his wonted mirth, but saluted him in these words, Farewell, dear friend, (saith he), farewell to all hawking, hunting and old pastimes. I am now going a better way."

The book opens, with brilliant audacity, with a brief quotation on the young Princess Elizabeth swearing to Mary Tudor's Commissioners that she was a Catholic; and closes with Gloriana's grim death at midnight, a card—the queen of hearts—nailed through its painted forehead to the bottom of her chair. It is too easy to cherish a hazy notion of life under the gorgeous Virgin Queen as an unending round of victories at sea, dancing round the maypole, merry evenings at the Mermaid tavern, and stupendous royal junketings up and down the countryside, attended by admiring soldier-poets and ladies in mythological fancy-dress. This corrective view of the "other face" of Elizabethan England is sharp as a sword edge, and very necessary.

Rose Macaulay's *They Were De-feated* is also partly concerned with religious intolerance, and is full of memories of an Elizabethan England not long since passed. It was this remarkable writer's only historical novel, first published almost 30 years ago, and one of the principal characters in it is Robert Herrick, the action moving between his parish in Devonshire and Cambridge.

I love this book dearly, partly because it conveys such a persuasive picture of 17th-century England—a time with an obsessive magic of its own—partly because it exactly catches the pastoral lyricism of Herrick's most enchanted mood, and partly because it is written in the manner of the historical novels of my youth, with everyone using the vocabulary and spelling of the time. (Only Regency specialists do this nowadays, the new trick being to have all characters speak, and indeed think, uncommon 20th-century.)

Everybody who was anybody in literary society crops up through these pages—Suckling, Cleveland, Crashaw, Marvell, Milton—to such an extent that just sometimes one thinks of Max Beerbohm's Florentine joke, with every single painter hard at work and Pippa Passing into the bargain. All right, I like it this way—it was a small society, and one could hardly help bumping into all the nobs at once. I can't quite take the clear-eyed, limpid heroine, who fights in her quiet way for women's rights and dies for love, but it's a small price to pay for such a buoyant and life-breathing account of England in the country and university town

at such an extraordinary time.

Briefly: Richard Rovere's biography *Senator Joe McCarthy* somehow manages to be tremendously vigorous, even cheerful and witty—and is never less than compulsively readable—about an entirely dispiriting subject, the man who "gave the tree one hell of a shaking". . . .

The Dandy, by Ellen Moers has a fascinating subject—the history of a remarkable social phenomenon, from Brummell to Beerbohm (did the whole odd joke really die with Max? I can't help feeling there must be a delicate quorum of vestigial dandies lurking about somewhere today). Even in spite of the built-in charm of the theme, I somehow found the book fairly heavy going—I had the impression I was reading a learned D.Litt. thesis, full of fact but with few concessions to the reader—maybe it was something to do with the thickness of style and the prevalence of colons and semi-colons. . . . *A Share For The Heart* by Christine de Rivoyre, translated by a brave man called Humphrey Hare, is an extremely rum novel about a young girl who throws in her lot with a French ballet company and becomes, understandably, mightily confused. It is written throughout as if in a state of nervous agitation, and even though we are all by now aware that ballet companies can be bizarre, this really does take the notion as far as it can go. By the end, in my cross old puritan Anglo-Saxon way, I was thoroughly irritated by the lot of them, most of all by the gormless and spellbound narrator.



Full steam down the mainstream

IF YOU WANT PROOF OF HUMPHREY Lyttelton's ability to make his band swing, rush out to the nearest record store and buy *Triple Exposure* (PMC1110), with my firm assurance that it has nothing to do with photography or crime novels! Like many of today's important jazz pieces, Humph's album lays

strong emphasis on the arrangers and composers, without whom there just wouldn't be this sort of music. So first mention must go to Harry South and Kenny Graham, who have made a fine job of the arrangements. Kenny's *One day I met an African* is quite a show-piece, with its shifting tempos, moods, and skilful use of the varied tone colours which can be achieved with a five-piece front line.

Mr. Lyttelton himself has contributed some good pieces to this session. He clearly has a natural feeling for the voicing of his own men, a complete understanding of the mainstream idiom; *Holy main* is his best. Tony Coe's alto continues to dominate the reeds—in fact he is the outstanding soloist in the band. Joe Temperley, baritone sax, has improved enormously since he joined the band, and makes a big contribution to the reed section.

Another homebred winner is pianist Eddie Thompson. It is strange to find a dog—the well-known symbol of another make of record—perched on the piano on the cover of this Tempo release (TAP24), signifying its owner's blindness. The whole album is devoted to his original compositions, which range from fast modernistic pieces to the imaginative *Blue whistle*. Despite rather woolly recording, Eddie proves that he is more than a master of the situation, and his rhythmic approach is excellent.

I wish I could say the same of two recognized piano giants from America. André Previn's *Songs by Vernon Duke* (LAC12200) is devoted to well-tryed tunes, but he never gets his teeth into them. Instead he contents himself with lumps of out-of-tempo introductions, direct quotes from Tatum, and a set of clichés which make for complacent listening but is not jazz in any sense of the word.

The same comments, to a lesser degree, can be applied to Oscar Peterson's *At the Concertgebouw* album, (CLP1317) recorded in Amsterdam before a live audience two years ago, before drummer Ed Thigpen replaced Herb Ellis in the group. As a rhythm pianist he is much stronger than Previn, but he expresses himself so dryly, without wit or humour, that I come away feeling that he is making all haste to get the job over and done with. This is not Peterson at his best.

I sat up at the sound of a front line consisting of baritone sax and euphonium, and shook my head at the sight of the album's title *The cool sound of Pepper Adams* (NPL28007). I am by nature suspicious of anything very cool, including water, but this seems to be music from the Detroit school, whose idea of coolth borders on

continued on page 457

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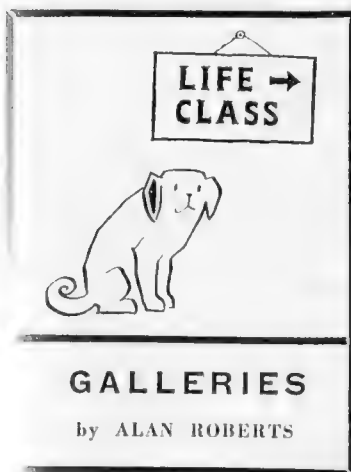
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VERDICTS—continued

the funky. At least that is the impression I get from the opening blues track, *Bloos blooze blues!*

At the risk of correction, I would say that this is the first time the euphonium, here in the hands of Bernard McKinney, has been used as a jazz instrument. It is clumsily wrong, too inflexible, and produces too round a sound for jazz intonation.

I like the experiment, which breaks fresher ground than Gerry Mulligan's Quartet in their *Reunion with Chet Baker* (Vogue SEA5007). Immaculate performances by the five men involved amount (if you believe a word of the sleeve note) to . . . "huge blocks of uncontaminated sound." I thought that was what they used for the surface of motorways!



Sunburst in a grey street

AW MANY SERIOUS ENGLISH artists of our time have enough painting power to fill a gallery with pictures on a wet Monday afternoon in mid-winter? Your guess is as good as mine but I bet they could be counted on the fingers (and I do not include the thumb) of one hand. That Sir Matthew Smith must be numbered among that rare few I would give positive proof the other day at the Tate, where 26 of his pictures from private collections make a small but worthy memorial exhibition. The glowing colour of his landscapes, still-lives, flower-pieces and portraits seemed to have some magnetic power that drew people in from the grey street outside.

And as these people stood admiring the bold bravura of the brush strokes that firmly caress and shape the subtle curve of a thigh, the softness of a breast, the hollowness of a vase, the hard shining roundness of an apple, I wondered what sort of picture of the artist they were conjuring in their minds. Were they—as I had done before I knew him—making the obvious but erroneous deductions from the sensuous handling of paint the

strong, sinuous outlines, the voluptuous enjoyment of colour and the almost invariable choice of overblown females for his models? If they were, how far their images must have been from the shy, sad, sensitive and ascetic man, modest to the point of humility, who created the pictures before them.

None of these pictures—lent by Viscount Bledisloe, Sir Colin Anderson, Richard Attenborough, John Mills, Benn W. Levy and others—was included in the big retrospective exhibition of Sir Matthew's work at the Tate Gallery in 1953. Nor are most of them likely to be on public view again for a long time.

The earliest, *The Red Sari*, dates from 1925 when the artist was 46 and had at last found the mature style which he continued to develop until shortly before his death last year. In the early 1920s, after a long period of near-sterility, he freed himself from the last bonds of the intellectualism that dogged his development for so long, and abandoned himself unashamedly to expressing emotion in rich and luscious colour.

It was not in his colour alone, though, that his genius lay, but in the consummate marriage of that colour with form. Looking closely at the still-lives and nudes at Tooth's one is amazed again and again by the apparent recklessness and frenzy of his brush. Yet seldom is there any feeling that the colour is merely covering an area. It is not just a decoration of the form, it is the form itself. And behind it all there is usually a strong design achieved not, as he painted, intuitively, but as a result of long deliberation and trial and error.

Usually, but not always. In the present show there are at least two canvases so awkwardly composed that they appear to have been cut down to fit their frames. Presumably, in deliberately cutting vases and fruit in half the artist was striving after some particular effect of asymmetry, but the result in each case creates an uneasy feeling of disintegration. These are simply two of the nails he did not hit on the head, to paraphrase Sir John Rothenstein.

In compensation for them there is a late work, *Still-life With A Blue & White Jug*, painted in 1954, a staggeringly beautiful achievement not only for a painter of 75 but for any painter. Its blue vase is bluer, its red background is redder and its golden fruits are more gold than all the glorious blues and reds and golds around them.

Its Braque-like quality of design looks like the beginning of a new phase which, if Matthew Smith had been spared for only a few more years, might have produced new delights surpassing the gems of the 1930s.

A large advertisement for Alan Spiers, Arts de Coiffeur. The central image is a black and white photograph of a man and a woman in a romantic pose, framed by a large, stylized hourglass graphic. The text "Can you spare an hour?" is written across the hourglass. Below the image, the text reads: "It need take little longer than an hour to create a vision of loveliness, the woman you wish to be. Look in the mirror, watch the transformation taking place... See the dream become reality. This is why women of taste go to the House in the Square. They recognise the master touch that Alan Spiers gives to each creation. Make your next appointment with the most exclusive salon in Town... Alan Spiers at the House in Berkeley Square."

Alan Spiers, Arts de Coiffeur
 Appointments: MAYfair 4622, 4623, 1024

ALAN SPIERS,
 27, BERKELEY SQUARE, W.1

Also at:
 54-56, PARK STREET, BRISTOL
 Appointments: Bristol 93724, 93725

Spiers OF BERKELEY SQUARE

Mainly for men

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

COUNTER SPY

Intelligence Report

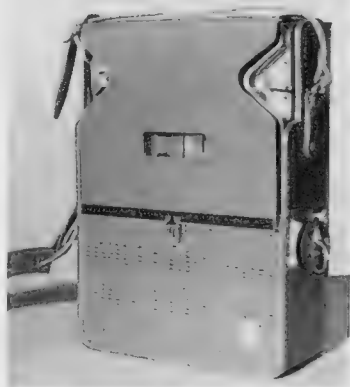
CENTENARY of Moss Bros. will be celebrated, they hope, by the opening in May of the extension to their Covent Garden premises, now building. From small beginnings as a second-hand clothes shop, this firm now covers most aspects of clothing from ready-to-wear clothes to hiring out. They have an excellent bespoke service for men's, women's and children's riding wear. The range is particularly extensive for men. A riding jacket in tweed or Bedford cord, for example, costs £30, a rat-catcher in heavyweight West of England grey-green whipcord about £28. Breeches and jodhpurs (now cut with less flare in the hips) cost from about £18 to £23 and white cavalry twill hunting breeches from £18 to £20. They have recently produced Terylene and cotton breeches for point-to-points and show jumping which are washable and especially strong; price, made-to-measure, 8 gns. Pink hunting coats cost £36, black hunting boots, 19 gns. Polo boots cost from £21. Jodhpur boots in black or brown cost £6 16s. 6d. and mahogany top boots, £27 10s. Point-to-point boots come in soft black glacé kid, price: £9 15s.



1 Cardigan from Woolland's Man's Shop is part of their new St. Joseph collection of jersey jackets, waistcoats, cardigans and pullovers. This plain cardigan in either pale green or grey costs £11 9s. 6d. To wear with it: white fine poplin shirt by Hardy Amies: 65s. These shirts come in many colours, stripes are also available. To complete the picture, a pure silk striped Brioni tie in dark tones: 47s. 6d., from a selection



2 Riding accessories from Moss Bros. of Covent Garden: a black hunting boot (centre) is made-to-measure for £25, and with trees (as shown): £33. They have a large stock of these boots as well. Boot straps cost 15s. a pair, folding wooden boot-jack: 21s., boot hook: 12s. 6d., spurs: 33s. a pair, leather whip: £5



3 American portable transistor tape-recorder is good looking and has an excellent tone. One of its best points is lightness (it weighs under 6½ lbs.). Battery operated, it has a two-speed tape, and a handle for easy manipulation. The case is black cowhide. There is an attached microphone or earphone, which can be clipped on to the lapel and an external speaker for general playback. For repeated re-use of old tape, or mistakes, there is a separate eraser head. Price £60 with two batteries, 55 gns. without. From Derry & Toms



4 Planned for a car roof is a new invention called the Sitrak. Attached to the rack is a folding seat or seats of wooden slats (according to car size) which make a luggage rack when flat. There is a ladder which clips on to the side of the car, and fits into the boot when not in use. The rack is fitted into rubber pads, strengthened with steel to fit the curve of the car roof. The complete Sitrak is made of light but strong and rustproof aircraft steel. Colours are either bronze or grey, or they can match the colour of the car. The Sitrak is ideal for spectators at race-meetings, point-to-points and field displays. Obtainable only through the Sitrak Company, Victoria Works, Victoria Street, High Wycombe, who will supply customers with a form for filling in details of their car. Their stock sizes are as follows—a large Sitrak with two bench seats for cars such as Ford Consuls, Morris Oxfords and similar sized cars: £22 1s. For the same sized cars a Sitrak with one bench seat: £18 18s. 6d.; and for cars such as Morris Minors and Ford Anglias there is a single bench: 16 gns. Prices include ladders



3

4

6

5 In 1817 an innkeeper (named Gray) with a flair for jewellery was advised by the Prince Regent to start a business. From that foundation grew the present-day firm of Collingwood, the eminent jewellers & silversmiths, at 46 Conduit Street, W.1. Their jewellery is both modern and antique; their silver mostly derives from the Georgian and Regency eras with some Victorian. Shown are three Georgian silver tankards, all made in London. The first (left) was made in 1771 by John Payne and costs £60, the second, made in 1735 by Edward Vincent and engraved with a coat of arms, costs £49 10s. and the third, made by John Munns in 1775, is priced at £70

6 Desk set in finest Spanish leather is typical of the superb but simple designs of Javier Carcajal, one of Spain's youngest and most controversial architects. Colours used are those of the olive tree with the addition of some black. The olive-grey penholder has one end divided into sections covered with black leather lids, price: £11 5s. A blotting pad in the same coloured leather, reversible to an olive-grey side when not in use, costs £18 15s. Cigarettes and cigars are held in an olive-grey and brown case: 10 gns. Desk set exclusive to Fortnum & Mason

5



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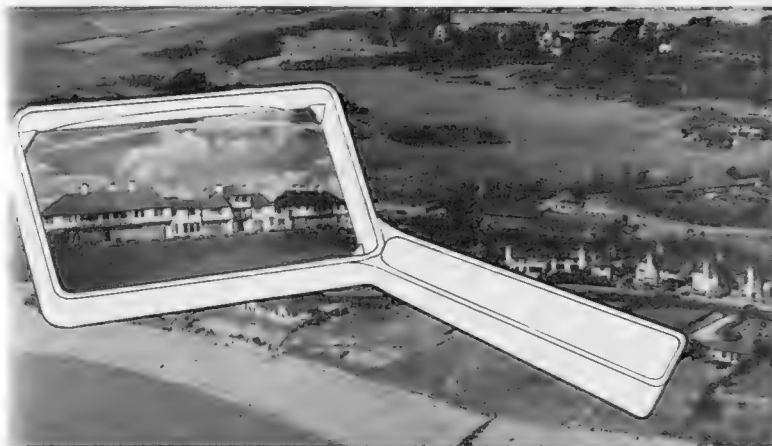
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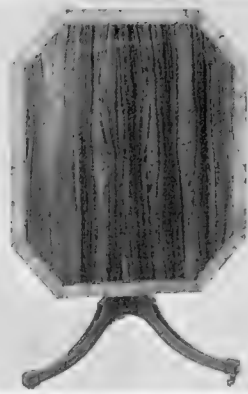
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COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

by ALBERT ADAIR

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE 18TH century was sufficiently wealthy, leisured, and well staffed to be able to vary the venue of each meal of the day to suit personal convenience and conform to current fashion. The cabinet makers of the day were accordingly expected to produce special designs for tables, for breakfast, dinner, tea and supper. The designs to be utilitarian, of course, but like everything else of that period they had also to be things of beauty and good taste.

Everyone knows a dining table and everyone recognizes a tea table, but confusion enters when it comes to breakfast and supper tables. Even antique dealers mix them up and sometimes, owing to their rarity, ignore the existence of the breakfast table altogether. But that they are two pieces of furniture designed for quite different purposes is shown by the pictures above—a Sheraton folding supper table of about 1800 (left) and

a Chippendale breakfast table.

The supper table, owned by Lord Craigmyle, is of rosewood, cross-banded with satinwood and has an elegant mahogany tripod stand. The top was made to tip so that the table could be stood to one side during the day. The beauty of the piece lay therefore in the shape and veneering of the top surface. Shapes varied from oval and round to rectangular and octagonal. Beautifully grained veneer patterns and crossbanding were popular.

The breakfast table stands on four legs with casters and has two flaps on either side like a Pembroke table. Below is a cupboard with concave double doors (to give knee-room). Doors, sides and back were usually formed of an open "Chinese" fret or more rarely, as in the table shown, behind a wire grill. Breakfast—of steak, cheese and ale—was placed in the cupboard and a servant then pushed the table to bedroom or boudoir.

GOING PLACES *continued from page 416*

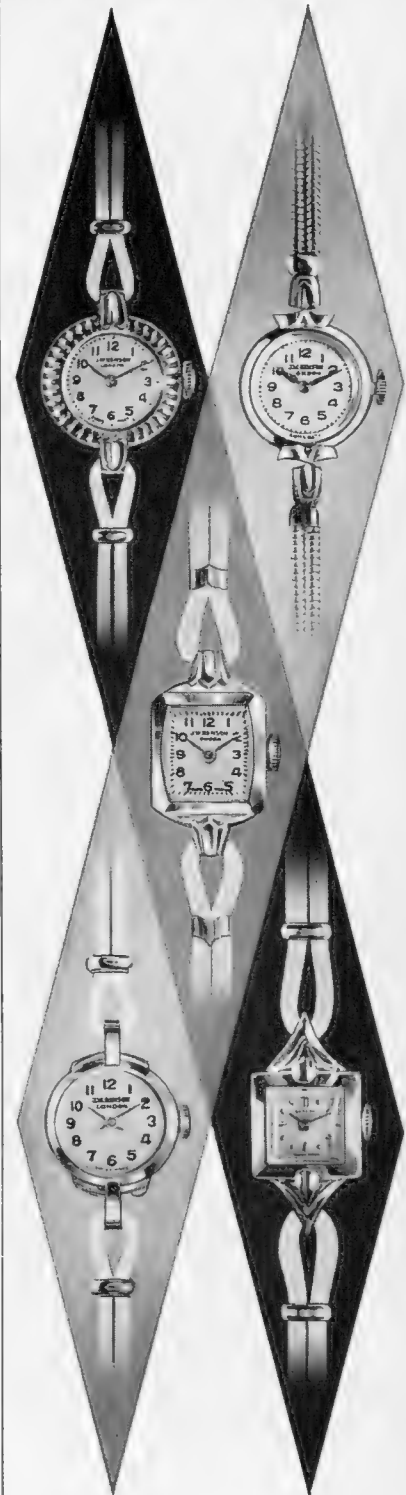
remarkable small band and uninhibited dancing.

There is a good deal to see in The Hague: the Knights' Hall (seat of government), the Almshouses of the Holy Ghost, the miniature town of Madurodam, and, if you have a taste for irony, the Peace Palace, completed in 1913. Finally I remember, with as much pleasure as anything I saw in Holland, the marvellous little museum of Mauritsluis, housed in a 17th-century mansion overlooking the lake. It contains some Rembrandts which in many opinions are more impressive than those in the Rijksmuseum: notably his *Saul & David*, and his almost Impressionist portrait of two Negroes. Not to mention the *Anatomy Lesson*. I have had to omit two other important touring areas of Holland

which I was unable to see in a short visit: the Zeeland peninsula and its old towns such as Walcheren, and the heath country of the south east, towards the German border. In no way do I mean to denigrate Holland when I say that one could see the whole country in ten days. Because one could profitably spend far longer.

K.L.M. are operating, for the first time, direct Viscount flights from London to Rotterdam (£15 19s. return) as well as their regular Amsterdam service. Car hire is about £2 per day, 75 miles free mileage. Lissone-Lindemann (25 St. James's Street, S.W.1) an old-established Anglo-Dutch firm, operate some worthwhile excursions from Amsterdam for the car-less, as well as inclusive holidays in the Netherlands.

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DINING IN

The protein bomb

by HELEN BURKE

MONEY FOR MONEY, THE EGG IS THE best source of protein we have—and remember that protein includes fish, meat and poultry. From the Egg Marketing Board, I received the astonishing information that, throughout 1959, the average cost of eggs, per ounce, was 1.85d. for large ones, 1.78d. for "standards" and 1.71d. for those of medium size, the cheapest of all.

In this country we regard eggs as the mainstay for breakfast, and excellent they are. Where, however, folk go in for the *café complet* of the Continent, we could do as the French do and make much more use of eggs for main-meal dishes. These days, too, when many of us gladly take the

opportunity of cutting down on food, the egg is our best ally. For light Lenten meals, eggs are an attractive alternative to fish.

A poached egg is a simple thing in itself, but it is the basis of many special dishes. How to poach an egg? Well, there are various types of "poachers" which, in fact, do not so much poach as steam. For those who insist on eggs being poached in water, I have a very simple way.

Break an egg into a cup. Bring slightly salted water to the boil in a small pan. Stir it vigorously until there is a "hole" in the centre. Drop the egg into it. The swirling water will form it into a neat, almost ball, shape. Reduce the heat and leave the egg in the water for as long as is required to produce the desired stage of hardness. Lift it out with a perforated spoon. The only drawback here is that only one egg, or two at the most (if they are for the same person), can be cooked each time.

In the professional kitchen poached eggs are made much of, often in quite elaborate and expensive ways. In the home kitchen we must simplify some of them, not only because of cost but also because we have so much less aid.

In Escoffier's *Guide to Modern Cookery*, 11 out of 19 recipes using poached eggs require tartlet cases. As a good stand-in for pastry, I suggest soft bread rolls with their

centres removed. (Dry these in the oven at a low heat for the best of all fine crumbs for egging and bread-crumbling.) Slice the tops off the rolls and hollow them out. Brush the insides with a little softened butter and place in a moderate oven to become crisp and gold.

For *Poached Eggs à la Clamart*, put a layer of hot green peas (canned ones will do well) in each "case." Slip a soft poached egg on top. Cover with a nice Bechamel sauce and slip under the grill to become brown-flecked.

For *Poached Eggs Maintenon*, for 6 servings, make $\frac{1}{2}$ pint fairly thick Bechamel sauce. Simmer a finely chopped large Spanish onion in a walnut of butter in a covered pan until clear and soft but not coloured. Add 2 to 3 tablespoons of the sauce. Place a layer of this in each of the prepared roll "cases" and put a poached egg on top. To the remaining sauce, add grated cheese to taste. Heat to melt the cheese, then spoon the sauce over the eggs. Sprinkle with a little further grated cheese and slip under the grill to colour a little.

Here is a further dish—Poached Eggs, Hungarian style. Prepare 5 to 6 roll "cases" or "shells," as above. Spread a little *purée de foie d'oie truffée* in the inside of each. (Fortnum's have 2½-oz. cans of this *purée* at 3s. 6d.)

Simmer a level dessertspoon of

flour in 2 walnuts of butter. When it froths, remove and work in $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika. Stir in a good cup of well-flavoured *consommé*. (Hot water and $\frac{1}{2}$ *bouillon* cube will do.) Add also 1 to 2 tablespoons dry white wine. Simmer, while stirring, to cook the flour. Add a tablespoon of double cream. Taste and season further as required.

Spoon a little of this sauce into each of the prepared rolls. Add a poached egg or even two eggs, cover with the remaining pinky sauce and serve.

Think of hollowed-out soft dinner rolls, poached eggs and any sauce you like which goes with eggs and you have highly acceptable light dishes for a main course or introductory ones for a meal.

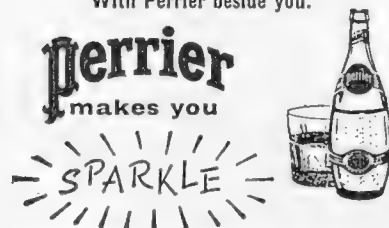
It is not too far a jump from eggs to coffee (they go together often enough). I am something of a crank about coffee and wonder why so seldom do I get a first-class cup? A stinginess, perhaps, about the quantity of ground coffee that is used? Shops which sell coffee sell also special measures at 6d. each. For 1 pint good coffee, use four of these and, for after-dinner coffee, use an extra one. And buy the blend and "roast" that you prefer.

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